Wildwood Beach

Through the blazing skin and sand
buckets, an old woman's see-
saw walk, bones sunk like the water's

saltsuck under the toes
of middle-aged men
on the edge, most
fish-belly white

RCs, unrescued by
the mermaids of
dogma and wonder-

ing what blast-
ed them when.

Untroubled (and cynical, thus
the tanned, slack young
roughhouse or repose

(bellybuttons tightly cued for each event)
--signifying fashion also
with designs

upon possessions.
I drink in-beer
I wear NAMES

I am hired
But not paid, your
typical blueeyed American

WHORE mid so many
DAZZLING

silver boxes elevating bleating
to commercial levels, and
playing on and on

the nerves of all
but the ultimately tasteless

one, auditor
of the dance
against the sun.